Chasing the Prey

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Chasing the Prey

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

During a full moon night, Will is worried. Hannibal hasn't returned since the morning. He doesn't have much time to worry - soon, a fully transformed Hannibal appears, completely feral.

Notes

Taking place in the same universe of the last prompt, this one is for kinktober's day 21 "Primal"; I've never written primal play before so I apologize! It's a scenario I really enjoy and hope to explore it more

Another full moon night. Will was at their yard, in front of the woods. He was worried. Hannibal went out in the morning and hasn't come back. He used to do that sometimes and Will knew he shouldn't be worried but he couldn't help it. And at this point, Hannibal must've shifted already. Will looked up to the shining pale moon at the sky, and hoped that Hannibal was alright.

When he was returning to their house, he heard a noise behind him. He turned around and there was nothing, only the trees with its shaking leaves.

"Hannibal?", Will said, walking towards the trees. "Are you there?", he asked, softly.

Then he heard another noise. A growl, and something moving, stepping heavily on the branches. Will could finally see the two red eyes, the ones he knew so well. He smiled.

"Hannibal! I was worried."

But Hannibal didn't move. He continued to growl, and Will began to get a little concerned.

"Are you alright?", Will asked.

Suddenly, Hannibal jumped out of the woods, staying in front of Will, curved. As Will expected, he was fully transformed, showing his sharp fangs and claws.

"Run", the beast grunted, and Will widened his eyes. Hannibal wasn't in control. He could see in his predatory eyes that Hannibal wanted to hurt him; Will started to run.

He ran as fast as he could to the house, chest starting to feel like it was burning. He knew that deep down, Hannibal wouldn't hurt him, at least not much. He hated to admit but he felt scared, his heart pounding so much that it hurt. He entered the house and closed the backdoor, not even looking back before going upstairs. He heard when Hannibal scratched the wooden door, almost tearing it apart.

Will ran to their bedroom, closing the door. It wasn't a good decision to stay in a place where he couldn't escape, but he thought that maybe he could help Hannibal calm down, make him regain his control. He listened to the heavy steps and growls outside, getting closer and closer. He didn't move, his back against the wall, breathing deeply. The door was violently ripped off, and there was Hannibal, the feral beast with ravenous eyes. He seemed enraged, craving blood and flesh.

"Hannibal", Will muttered, "it's me. Will."

Hannibal approached him, snarling. His fangs were tainted with red; Will could smell the blood. This meant Hannibal wouldn't kill him, he had already hunted. Will sighed at the thought. However, all of a sudden, Hannibal quickly held Will by his neck and tossed him on the bed. Will gasped, his body ached with the impact.

In the next second, Hannibal was on top of him, grabbing his wrists with his claws, and sniffed his neck, licking it afterwards. Will moaned, unable to resist. He felt aroused by the

sense of danger, thinking about how Hannibal could rip him apart if he wanted. The werewolf tore Will's clothes off, and licked his collarbone, chest and belly. Will was shivering, so turned on that he swore he could come just like that, and felt Hannibal gripping his waist, claws drawing blood.

He cried with the pleasure and the pain, feeling more and more overwhelmed by it as Hannibal bit several parts of his body, claiming him, marking him. Will wasn't thinking anymore, he just kept mumbling "please" between moans. He wanted to be fucked by his beast, for the first time, since Hannibal was never home when transformed. Will didn't want preparation, he wanted it raw, painful; he spread his legs further, putting his hands on Hannibal's muscular back, and urged him to proceed.

Hannibal only followed his instincts, getting inside Will without warning, making him cry out loud and sink his nails on his back. The pace was slow for a few seconds before Hannibal increased it, thrusting roughly into Will, growling on his ear. Will's cock was leaking precum, and he knew he would come in any minute.

"It's good, right?", Will, moaned, holding Hannibal's head between his hands. "Are you feeling better?", he continued, stuttering, voice full of pleasure.

They were moving frantically, Hannibal was now with his arms wrapped around Will's waist, making him stay some inches above the bed. Both came at the same time afterwards.

Will was breathless, panting, absorbing the intensity of everything. Hannibal breathed slowly, and laid down beside Will. Will looked at him, and saw that his eyes were coming back to normal.

"I'm sorry", Hannibal whispered, voice still hoarse.

"Don't worry", Will clung to his chest, "It was wonderful."

"I could've hurt you for real", Hannibal sighed, caressing Will's hair.

"I knew you wouldn't", Will chuckled, "I mean, I felt a little bit scared but...deep down, I knew you wouldn't."

They stayed like that, cuddling. Will made Hannibal promise him that he would explain why he didn't come back home in the morning. For now, they needed rest.

"And...well", Will looked at the space where it should have a door, "you'll have to fix this", he laughed. Hannibal sighed once more, and then kissed Will's head. He was tired.

They fell asleep.

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